



THE SEARCH FOR BRIDEY SIGAFOOS

It was a dullish evening at the Theta house. The pledges were down in the catacombs; the actives were sacked out upstairs, not doing much of anything. Mary Ellen Krumbold was sticking pins in an effigy of the housemother; Evelyn Zinamaster was welding a manhole cover to her charm bracelet; Algelia McKeesport was writing a letter to Fabian in blood. Like I say, it was a dullish evening.

Suddenly Dolores Vladnay stood up and stampeded her foot. "Chaps," she said to her sorors, "this is too yawn-making! Let's do something gay and mad and gasp-making. Anybody got an idea?"

"No," said the sorors, shaking their little sausage curls.

"Think, chaps, think!" said Dolores and passed Marlboro cigarettes to everybody; for if there ever was a smoke to start you thinking, it is mild and flavorful Marlboro! Things come clear when you puff that good, clean smoke through that fine filter—knots untie, dilemmas dissolve, problems evaporate, cobwebs vanish, fog disperses, and the benevolent sun pours radiance on a new and dewy world. Oh, happy world! Oh, Marlboro! Oh, soft pick! Oh, flip-top box! Oh, get some already!



"I have brown eyes and I weigh 3200 pounds"

Now Geraldine Quidnunc, her drooping brain cells revived by a good Marlboro, leapt up and cried, "Oh, I have a perfect gasser of an idea! Let's hypnotize somebody!"

"Oh, capital!" cried the sorors. "Oh, tingle-making!"

At this point, in walked a young pledge named Alice Bluegown. "Excuse me, mistresses," said she, tugging her forelock, "I have finished making your beds, doing your homework, and ironing your pleats. Will there be anything else?"

"Yes," snapped Dolores Vladnay. "When I count to three, you will be hypnotized."

"Yes, excellency," said Alice, bobbing a curtsy.

"One, two, three," said Dolores.

Alice promptly went into a trance.

"Go back," said Dolores, "back into your childhood. Go back to your fifth birthday, back to your birth, to before your birth, to your last incarnation. . . Now, who are you?"

"My name is Bridey Sigafos," said Alice. "The year is 1818, and I am in County Cork."

"Coo!" said the sorors.

"How old are you?" asked Dolores.

"I am seven," said Alice.

"Where is your mother?" asked Dolores.

"I don't know," said Alice. "She got sold at the fair last year."

"Coo!" said the sorors.

"Tell us about yourself," said Dolores.

"I am five feet tall," said Alice. "I have brown eyes, and I weigh 3200 pounds."

"Coo!" said the sorors.

"Isn't that rather heavy for a girl?" said Dolores.

"Who's a girl?" said Alice. "I'm a black and white gurnsey."

"Coo!" said the sorors.

"Moo!" said Bridey Sigafos.

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We, the makers of Marlboro, have our doubts about this story. About cigarettes, however, we hold these truths to be self-evident: Marlboro for filter smokers. Phillip Morris for non-filter smokers. Try some.

